

* May^1] *AND P^RTHENOPHE.*
CANZON* 437

Yet comfortless, and still
disconsolate; Mine heart, as it
was wonted, faints !

Such small help tomes from such
Saints! Why should men which in such pain
live, be called, Livers ?

Such arrows bear love's quivers. Now,
since rocks and woods will not hear; Nor
hills and floods, my sorrows bear: In
sounding echoes and swift waves^ the world
about_f

These papers report it out! Whose
lasting Chronicles shall Time outwear!
Then, take remorse, dear Love ! and to
these, united Shall be thy mercies ! with
matchless prayers recited*

You hapless winds ! with my sighs infected
Whose fumes, you never let rise To please her
with sacrifice! But evermore, in gross clouds
them choked ; So that my Dear could never
them comprise ! O you (that never detected My
plaints, but them neglected ! Which in your
murmurs brought, might have her provoked !

When them in clouds you cloaked!) Know
that a prouder spirit flies, Bearing them to
posterities ! And lays them open wide, that the
world may view them;

That all which read, may rue them; When
they shall pierce thine ears, though not thine
eyes ! Then, sweet Fair! pity my long service
and duty! Lest thine hard heart be more
famous than thy beauty!

Then do no longer
despise, But, with kind pity,
relent thee!

Cease to vex and torment me !
If Shame's fear move not (which all
discovers)_f Fear plague of
remorseless lovers!